

## WANTS!

**RENTS! SITUATIONS! REAL ESTATE! AUCTION SALES! & OTHER CLASSIFIED ADS.**

The TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL guarantees, every day it is printed, to give a local circulation more than double that of any other paper published in Topeka. This makes this paper the cheapest, as well as the best daily advertising medium in Topeka, the classified advertisements below costing but

**FIVE CENTS A LINE,** or 25 cents a line for a week; 50 cents for the month. City circulation every day exceeds 5,000—total circulation over 100,000. Send detailed statements of circulation prepared on application. Call on any afternoon between 4 and 6 p.m. at the business office, 100 East 10th street, for a full and complete description of the paper, its circulation, and the advantages of advertising in it. The paper is published every day except Sunday and holidays, and is delivered free to all subscribers. The paper is published every day except Sunday and holidays, and is delivered free to all subscribers.

## SITUATIONS WANTED—FREE.

Are you in need of work? If so, you are at liberty to use these columns for assistance in that direction. While this notice appears in the TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL, it will only be free on Monday and Tuesday, for Topeka or Kansas papers, all others of "Situations Wanted," not exceeding five lines, or thirty-five words in length. Provided that all advertisements of this nature are limited to previous local notices, and are not published on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, all advertising of this class handed in by ten o'clock Wednesday morning.

## WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—A young lady pianist to assist in amateur theatricals. Address, "Music," Journal.

WANTED—A young man to assist in amateur theatricals. Address, "Music," Journal.

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## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

ONE NIGHT, MONDAY, DEC. 31st.

Get Ready to Greet

**JACOB LITTS**

Great Record Breaker,

**IN Kentucky.**

Introducing the Famous

**Pickaninny Brass Band.**

Three Kentucky Thoroughbreds in the GREAT RACE.

Sale of seats opens Friday, 28th. No advance in prices.

PIANO TUNING.

PIANO TUNING—J. L. Sheldon, resident tuner of Topeka for the past twenty-nine years. His services are sought by the best musicians of the state, but he prefers work at home. Those who appreciate excellence of tuning, tone regulation, action, regulating, and that care generally which insures the best tone and most lasting qualities to valuable instruments can secure his services by leaving orders at E. B. Gilders' or Balch's & Frost's music stores, or address, J. L. Sheldon, P. O. Box No. 422, Topeka, Kas.

TOPEKA, Kas., Dec. 2, 1894.

THE

**CHICAGO & ALTON R.R.**

ONLY STONE BALLASTED TRACK.

NO CHANGE OF CARS

BETWEEN

**KANSAS CITY AND CHICAGO,**

**KANSAS CITY AND ST. LOUIS,**

**ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO.**

No Extra Charge for Passage in

**Palace Reclining Chair**

**CARS**

NOR IN

**Fast Vestibule Limited Trains.**

Ask your own Home Ticket Agent for tickets via the Chicago & Alton Railroad, or write to

**D. BOWEN, Gen'l Western Passenger Agent,**

**316 NORTH BROADWAY, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

**JAMES CHARLTON,**

**General Passenger and Ticket Agent,**

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

TOPEKA

**Transfer Company,**

**509 KANSAS AVE.**

**Tele. 320. F. P. BAUGH, Prop.**

**ARTHUR MASSAY,**

**Practical - Horse-Shoer.**

213 WEST FIFTH STREET.

Telephone 488. - - - Topeka.

Horses with diseased feet skilfully treated.

Track and road-shoeing a specialty.

**Smoke Klauer's**

**Silk Edge**

**AND**

**The Hit.**

Manufactured at 609 Kan. Ave. Topeka.

**NATIONAL STABLES,**

First-class Livery. Boarding a specialty.

Telephone 42. GILCHRIST BROS,

705 Jackson street. Proprietors.

**UNION PACIFIC ROUTE.**

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

The Union Pacific will sell tickets account holidays to points within 200 miles at open rates of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Dates of sales Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 31 and Jan. 1, limited for return passage Jan. 2, 1895.

A. M. FELLER, City Agent.

## THE MERMAID.

I was hardly conscious of a gentle, rustling noise near me, and then something wet and cold came dab in my face. I sat up with a jerk, and there sat a mermaid! Good gracious! You can imagine how startled I felt.

She sat on the sand quite close to me, resting on one hand, and with her tail, an indisputable tail, with beautifully glistening silvery brown scales, coiled round in a graceful curve. She was fascinatingly pretty, with a sweet face, laughing now at my air of bewilderment, and with long tresses of brown hair blowing about her.

I suppose my dropped jaw and staring eyes must have struck her as very comical, for she laughed—such a musical, soothing laugh, strangely like the ripple of the waves among the groyne's higher up the beach.

"Excuse me," she said, "but you look so funny."

"Funny?" I exclaimed indignantly. "What have you been up to? You've been throwing water over me."

"You have. Look here, my face is all wet now, and my hair is damp."

"I didn't throw water over you. I suppose it was rather forward, but I put the end of my tail on your face. You looked so tempting, you know, lying there. I really could not resist you."

"Well, you shouldn't, then," I said. "Now you've woken me up, and some of the water has gone down my neck."

I spoke grumpily. You see, I was scarcely myself yet. It was so utterly incomprehensible that I should be sitting here with an absolute mermaid, a creature I had never for a moment believed in, sitting almost close enough for me to touch.

I had wandered off that afternoon among the boulders that lay piled up on the shining beach at the foot of the cliffs to the left of the little town. It was very hot, so hot that after skimming through the columns of the paper I had brought with me I lay back and snoozed, in blissful disregard of the glaring sun and the white rocks and the low ripple of the retreating tide. And then happened all I have described.

"Do you know you are?" she said suddenly.

Said I, "You must be a very mischievous girl—mermaid, I mean."

"Oh, no, I'm not—not nearly so bad as some. It's lucky for you my cousin wasn't with me when I came up and found you here."

"A gentleman—a mermaid?" I ventured.

"Oh, no! She usually comes up here with me of an afternoon, but she's up at the other end of the bay today. Her name's Genevieve, and mine's Maud."

"Where do you get your names?" I asked.

"Out of books we pick up. We got mine and my cousin Imogen's out of a supplement that dropped overboard from a steamer. Pretty name, Imogen, isn't it?"

"Not half so pretty as Maud."

"Well, I don't know. We're glad to get anything to read. Is that today's paper?" pointing to The Chronicle that lay on the beach.

"Yes," I said. "Would you like it to read?"

"Thanks, awfully. No, not now, but I'll take it with me, if you don't mind. Smoke your pipe, will you?"

"With great pleasure. Sure you don't mind?"

"Not a bit. Besides I want you to let me light it."

So I pulled out my pipe and filled it, and then, with a knowing wink of her tail, glided up to me. She seemed highly delighted at being allowed to strike the match for me to get a light by.

"Isn't this jolly?" she said, looking up at me with wonderful eyes.

"Rather," I said, looking down into them. "Do you often go in for this sort of thing?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you," she replied. "You're the first man I ever spoke to like this, I mean—but old Nep sent me here for trying to. You're in my neck, you know. I often come here, and yesterday it was so hot that I dropped asleep, and when you came along I only just had time to get behind that rock."

"So you're seen me before, then?"

"Oh, yes, several times. I saw you along the beach on Sunday evening."

"The deuce you did—I beg your pardon."

"And I saw you kiss that fisher girl. Oh, yes, you did."

"Well," I said, turning very red, "I admit it, but it was only once."

"There ain't any mermen here," she replied.

"Aren't there? I suppose it's rather lonely."

"I used to be a sports a little with one at Brighton, but we never see one here. That's old Nep's doings. I haven't been kissed for ever so long."

"Really?" I said, edging over toward her.

"Really," she sighed, looking down. "Er—shall I—would you—shall we—that is—"

I leaned over her as she raised her face, smilingly, mischievously, to mine, when, just as our lips touched, with a sudden twist of her tail she caught me a dab in the face with her wet fin.

I fell over backward, and by the time I had got the sand and wet out of my eyes the mermaid had disappeared.

No trace of her was left, but my newspaper was gone, and as I went slowly home I fancied I could catch sight of her, lying out by the black rock that just showed itself above the sea. I stood still and called to her and distinctly saw her white arms waved to me and heard the rippling of her laugh and saw, too, her long brown hair tossing on the waves.—Sketch.

**Crispi's Insight Into Human Nature.**

I have known in my lifetime not a few public men recognized as great, but I have never known one who had such insight into human nature or one who had a more inflexible rule of public conduct. In speaking of him one day with Cardinal X—, one of the lieutenants of the sacred college, I referred to Crispi's intimacy with things at the Vatican, and he replied: "His knowledge of our affairs excites the astonishment of all of us. It is like intuition. He knows us better than we know ourselves, and the black anarchy as well as the red."—W. J. Stillman in Century.

**An Anxious Mother.**

There is a pretty story in the Vaux family of Philadelphia in regard to Richard Vaux's gallantries at the court of St. James when he danced with the young and yet unmarried Queen Victoria. The family was of Quaker faith, and, according to the story, when the queen came from abroad of the favor the young man found with the queen his mother spoke of his attentions to the royal lady and then added, "But I hope Richard will not marry out of meeting."

## NEW YEAR'S IN JAPAN.

The Custom of Making Gifts Prevails.

Holiday Street Scenes.

On New Year's day the Japanese tradesmen send their customers small offerings, usually of something in their line of business. A grocer will give perhaps a pound of sugar or a little package of rice. Every present, large or small, costly or inexpensive, is accompanied by a little folded three cornered paper a few inches in size. Sometimes this is of crimson or gilt paper or sometimes blue or silver, according to the taste of the sender.

The origin of this custom is very ancient and curious. In days of old a piece of dried fish was sent with each gift, but gradually people fell into a vicious habit of sending on the same piece of fish with the next present they sent away, as if they received so many offerings they could not possibly eat all the fish that came. Finally matters got to such a pitch that a gentleman could frequently smell his present coming around the corner. So in order to do away with this abuse these little pieces of paper were substituted.

Another custom that seems very strange in our eyes is that of sending presents of estates, sweetmeats, mochi or bean cake, etc. Such dainties are sent in priceless bowls of cloisonne or satsuma set on a lacquer tray. Over all is thrown a silk and gold embroidered square of soft ribbed crape, and the messenger carries it through the street held at arm's length. The recipient eats the contents, and without washing or cleaning the bowl in any way returns it and the cover with elaborate thanks.

The little shops, which look like dry goods boxes set upon end, are filled with gay toys, with dolls, kites and bits of tinsel and dyed feathers made into tiny ornaments for the ebony hair of the brilliantly dressed, powdered and rouged little girls.

Acrobats and street actors attract crowds of not only children, but their elders. There are Punch and Judy shows, but Punch and Judy are replaced by fabulous cats, badgers and foxes, who play all sorts of tricks upon men and women. Conjurers and snake charmers reap a harvest, and the man who makes and plays bamboo flutes earns a small fortune.

Every one from the little tots of 6 or 7 to grandams of 60 or 70 plays battledoor and shuttlecock. And such gorgeous battledoors as were never before seen! Great, awkward pieces of board, plain on one side, the other elaborately decorated with a figure of a noted dancer or geisha, the hands and face painted on the wood, but the dress of silk or paper pasted on and standing an inch or more above the board. The shuttlecock is a gilded seed stuck around with dyed feathers until it resembles a flower.—New York Advertiser.

**Good Resolutions For the New Year.**

Let us look over the mistakes of the bygone days and plan a new course of action for the future. Where we have been wrong let us now be right, and where we have been right let us stick to that course, going from good to better, from better to best.

A word about the resolutions that will be made today and broken tomorrow—do not make them at all if you do not mean to keep them. The promise bears no weight that is so soon forgotten. Make the covenant with your conscience and your Maker. Do not blazon your righteous sentiments abroad, but with sober sincerity of purpose watch out against the faults, making a gallant fight against the foes of evil.

With such an incentive to inspire you the new year will gradually become to you a close friend, bringing joy and happiness in its path and breathing into your heart messages that will indeed make the wishes for a happy New Year materialize in every truth to your own superabundant satisfaction.—Philadelphia Times.

**Only One Day In the Year.**

Brother Christian, determine to make this the best year of your life—the richest, ripest, strongest, happiest. But you cannot grow in grace "by wholesale." Begin the year by putting the knife into some bad habit or besetting sin. Begin by laying stiff hold on some neglected duty. Consecration means letting Jesus Christ own the whole of you. Holiness means serving Christ in little things, and remember that in all the year you will see only one day, and that will be called "today." The ladder to heaven is climbed not by a leap, but round by round.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

**Thoughts For the Dying Year.**

There are many of earth's thoughtless ones to whom the dying of a year is only the rounding up of an astronomical period devoted to idleness or to the pursuit of pleasure, while the coming in of a new year is the point of view from which to regard the possibilities for ministering to the pleasures of sense for another twelvemonth.

But to others the New Year opens up another and a very different outlook—to those who realize the mistakes that belong to the past and who look anxiously toward the future and what it may bring.—Christian Work.

**The Roman New Year's.**

Among the ancient Romans the "strenae," or New Year's presents, were not only exchanged between relatives and friends, but were exacted from their subjects. Under the Caesars these New Year's gifts became such a source of profit to the sovereign and so onerous a burden to the people that Claudius limited their cost by a decree.—Selected.

**Wolf-monst of the Early Saxons.**

The Anglo-Saxons called New Year's the Wolf-monst because the wolves were more ravenous than at other times, and the Scandinavians also called it Aetter-Yule. In old illuminated missals and calendars January is depicted as an old man, carrying a woodman's ax and a bunch of fagots, shivering and blowing upon his fingers.—Exchange.

## For Colds,

Coughs, Croup, Influenza, and Bronchitis, use

## AYER'S

**CHERRY PECTORAL**

the best of all anodyne

expectorants.

Prompt to act,

**Sure to Cure**

**SANTA FE ROUTE.**

TRAINS TO RIDE ON.

In Effect on and after Dec. 10, 1894.

**WESTBOUND.**

Trains. No. Leave Topeka. Arrive Kansas City. Leave Kansas City. Arrive Topeka.

Wichita & Tex. Express. 112 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Day Express. 113 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Night Express. 114 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Ex. Sunday. 115 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

\*Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

**EASTBOUND.**

Trains. No. Leave Topeka. Arrive Kansas City. Leave Kansas City. Arrive Topeka.

K. C. Local. 116 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Columbian Lim. 117 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Chicago Lim. 118 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Night Exp. 119 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Atlantic Exp. 120 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

\*Kansas City.

Man. & R. Exp. 121 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Ex. Sunday. 122 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

\*Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

**ATLANTIC AND ST. JOSEPH.**

Trains. No. Leave Topeka. Arrive St. Joseph. Leave St. Joseph. Arrive Topeka.

Day Express. 123 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Night Exp. 124 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Ex. Sunday. 125 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Buy railroad, Pullman or steamship tickets of

Agents Santa Fe route, southeast corner Sixth

and Kansas avenue, Topeka.

Or W. C. GARVEY, Agent at Depot.

OF KANSAS CITY.

Agents, North Topeka.

**ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.**

In effect on and after Dec. 2, 1894.

**WESTBOUND.**

Trains. No. Leave Topeka. Arrive Kansas City. Leave Kansas City. Arrive Topeka.

Through Fast Express. 126 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Chicago, Texas Express. 127 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Southwestern Express. 128 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Southwest Night Express. 129 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

Ex. Sunday. 130 5:15 am 10:35 am 10:40 am 11:05 am

**EASTBOUND.**

Trains. No. Leave Topeka. Arrive Kansas City. Leave Kansas City. Arrive Topeka.

Solid Limited Vestibule Ex. 131